Nov. 4, 1896.— 7M.— #1825 — De La Mare.

One Little Injun.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
OF THE
Board of Home Missions and the Woman's Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church,
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

One Little Injun.

"From Harper's Young People, Copyright, 1886."
by Harper & Brothers.

I AM a jolly little Indian papoose. I keep pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and we are bound together by the strongest ties.

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting around and basking in the sun and smoking. My father is bound to bask in all the sun there is, no matter how much time it takes to do it, and he is just as ambitious about the smoking; he is bound to do it all himself, and he does not want mother and me to meddle with it; and it is a good deal the same way with the eating He works at basking and smoking and eating nearly all the time when he is not sleeping, unless there should be a war or a hunt; then he goes off with a gun. It gives a look of luxury and repose to our wigwam to see father sitting out against the warm side of it watching mother and me work. Without this our home would seem cold, stern and uninviting.

Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it, but I keep right around after her, and see to it all.

Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out. My father can shoot no squirrels, my mother can get no corn. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way. Of course, I can't see what I am coming to till I am going away from it.

The first thing I notice is our wigwam and cornstalks and bean poles. They are large at first, then they get smaller and fainter till they are no bigger than a mosquito, and then they fade quite away. So all our village goes from sight, and the sky gets big and empty, and the earth has no end. At length we come to things — horses, mules, ditches, rivers, trees, houses. One by one they bounce upon me from around mother's shoulder. They all begin big and strong, and they go away little and faint. Everything I see is going away from me. I don't know what is coming, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead backward.

My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she hears them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on the back side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody wants.

My people, like me, are going ahead backward. Once they had all America to hunt and fight in; now they have only a small portion of the land where they can stay. The father of all my fathers could shoot an arrow right through a bison, but his son could only kill a bear, and the bear killer's son could only kill a deer, and the deer killer's son shot foxes, and the fox killer's son shot squirrels, and the squirrel killer's son—that is myself—can only catch flies. Ah! my people started in "big Injun," but they are coming out little papoose.

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living

on, as many as ever. Oh! it is chaps like me that keep the Indian question going. There are thousands upon thousands like me, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, lusty young braves, at this very minute cutting our eye-teeth on our knuckle-bones and toughening our lungs on young war-whoops, but we are always on the rear side and looking backward.

They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mother's hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies are always looking forward, and everything starts small and grows large and comes toward them, and they can catch it if they want it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men. They talk with the lightning; fire and water are their horses, and the smoke is their banner. The forests and the mountains bow down to them.

Oh! old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! feed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by example, the law of love. Then shall my people lift up their heavy hands; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up, and not down, and lend a hand."

One Cent Each.

No. 65—2d Ed.—10, '96.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps, which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR Address subscriptions to MISS S. F. LINCOLN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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all the Boards in fact; but she knows, too, that that particular Home Mission work in the Society is dependent *entirely* upon her and not upon her "men-folks," and with her "specialty" in mind she does not mark her local charities, or church aid, or Synodical Sustentation Fund with that particular brand, "H. M."

IV. In union there is strength—that's too true even to be trite. Presbyterian women by their grand organization have established a system of Christian training schools on Home Mission fields that forms the most potent evangelizing force in operation there. These Christianizing schools can only be maintained by the united and steady effort of all the societies of all the synods. There could legitimately be no independent action in any one synod by which that synod of women should "look after the Home Mission work within our own synodical limits," as the ministers say in discussing synodical sustentation. Home Missionary societies, being organized for a specific and technical Home Mission work, cannot be diverted from their broad purpose of giving Christian training to the exceptional populations of our country. These same women will be the first to support, *as individuals*, any progressive measure suggested by the church, but General Assembly having marked our mince pies for us, let us avoid the confusion of designating the others "by the same token," or even of trying to put them under the same crust.

EMELINE G. PIERSON.

No. 162—2d Ed., 10, 96.

Nov. 6, 1897. - 5m. - 9.25 De La Mare.

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The Technique of Home Missions for Presbyterian Women.

WE are all familiar with the story of the careful woman who determined to mark her pies before they went into the oven, that she might be able to distinguish them when baked; so she marked one lot "T. M." for "'Tis Mince," and the others "T. M." for "'Taint Mince," and was much enlightened by the result. Our Home Mission work often gets its stamp with the same discrimination. The pie is good, but there is considerable uncertainty about it, despite its "H. M." marking.

I. What is a Home Mission Society organized for anyway? What is the warrant for its being and effort?

II. Is there any moral obligation resting on a church, aside from a benevolent sentiment, for having its women gathered into a Home Missionary association.

III. What is the relation of the Home Mission

Society to local charities, or church aid or synodical sustentation?

IV. How far is it an independent organism? To this it may be said:

I. The Presbyterian Church, being evangelistic and patriotic, has recognized the claims of the thousands of alien peoples within the bounds of our country, and realizing that they are to be made *citizens*, knows the need of making them *Christian citizens* and of beginning with the children to do it. Good, hard; Presbyterian common sense that! It must have an agency to do the work. Isn't that the province of the Board of Home Missions already established? No; by the limitations of its charter the Board of Home Missions can only send ministers and evangelists among these exceptional races, and *children* need teachers and training schools—applied motherhood and home. "Well," says practical General Assembly, "that's woman's work; where are the Board's wife and daughters? Add a new department and let them look after those children. There are the Mexicans and Indians and Mormons and Alaskans and Freedmen—United States heathen—let the women do for them at home as they are organized to do for the heathen abroad." And lo! there was special Home Mission work for women technically defined by the highest court of the church. "H. M.," then, in woman's work, stands for that particular pie, and if any other is thus marked it only makes uncertainty and confusion.

II. If the Church calls into being such societies and lays the responsibility of the work on Presbyterian women (and their children) *alone*, is any church exempt from the moral obligation of organizing a Home Missionary Society, technically so-called and having just that commission? Is not the pastor called upon so to instruct the women of his congregation, and are they not loyally bound to unite for such a purpose, even if they think they can do no more than pray for those untaught, Christless children?

III. Once gathered into Home Missionary societies some one says, "Cannot these women 'broaden out,' and mark all other good work 'H. M.' that is not distinctively foreign?" Well, are there no other letters in the alphabet that would mark the pies that are not mince? With a specific purpose, auxiliary to a central organization by virtue of General Assembly's call, and so bound to contribute its funds to the central treasury for that specific work, what function can that particular "H. M." Society have outside of such limitations? A discriminating Presbyterian woman doesn't put *all* her money (which may be little and generally is) into her Home Mission Society treasury. She helps to pay for the church carpet or the new hymn books; she adds her offering for the mission over on the city outskirts that her church is particularly interested in; she gives as conscientiously as her "men-folks" in the pew beside her to help the struggling churches in her Synod, or the wider work of Home Missions, and